

Read D. Glyn's Poem
on this Subject. —

4

THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

A
P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐτι Ζεὺς ἰσχύει ἐν μέρει. — ἐκ δὲ τε πάσαι
φαίνεσιν· ἀμυδὶς δ' ἀρ' ἀπ' ἕραν ἢ ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν
Ἀστράτων ἐστὶ χεὶρ συνωχάδων· οἱ δὲ κεραυνοὶ
Ἰκταρ ἅμα βροτῇ τε καὶ ἀστερόπῃ πλεονεχέει
Χεῖρ ἀποσιβάρης. —

— ἀμφὶ τε γαῖα φερεσβίη· ἰσμάρα γιγνέσθαι

Καίόμενῃ.

HESED. Theog.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED
AND ENLARGED.

By JOHN OGILVIE, A. M.

L O N D O N:

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in Gracechurch-street. M DCC LIX.

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THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

A

P. O. F. M.

W. TWO BOOKS.

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British Museum Press.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of FINDLATER and SEAFIELD.
Ec. Ec.

THE FOLLOWING
P O E M *

Is INSCRIBED with the most profound Respect,

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S,

Most obliged,

most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

J. OGILVIE.

* Rendered less incorrect, and it is hoped, not altogether unworthy of his Protection.

TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE
 THE
 EARL OF FINDLATER AND SEAFIELD
 &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING
 P O E M *

Is inscribed with the following Request



His Lordship's

Most obliged,

most obedient,

and most humble servant,

J. OGILVIE.

* Requested by the Earl of Findlater and Seafield, not otherwise
 entitled to the protection.

THE
P R E F A C E.

AS POETRY in general, and particularly *Rhyme*, is, of all others, that species of writing which lies most open to criticism; a few blemishes (which are sometimes to be found even in the most correct pieces) will be easily pardoned by a good-natured reader. Horace's rule in this case, is an admirable one:

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine; non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

This will, I am persuaded, be allowed, if it is considered, that an improper allegory, a long period, a forced expression, nay a word and even a sound too often repeated, is sufficient (at least with some people) to spoil the beauty of a poem. Reason decides principally on the merit of other productions; but, in this, one must endeavour to please both the judgment and the ear. The former are perhaps composed only for a few speculative men, who are unfashionable enough to

b

read

read for instruction : but the latter is universally perused ; and it is ten to one, but every Reader is, or at least will pretend to be, a Critic. A composition of this last kind, is, like a piece of fine painting, in which the parts must be adjusted with the nicest propriety ; the colouring lively, but delicately blended ; and one disproportioned feature, is enough to make the whole ridiculous.

If then we ought to make such ample allowances for a poem, when it is composed on trivial subjects, and addressed only to the imagination ; how much further should those be extended, when it's great aim is to touch the heart ! The difficulty of such an undertaking, is certainly a powerful advocate in it's favour ; but the design itself, to a pious mind, must necessarily be an irresistible one.

THE human heart, like a citadel surrounded with almost inaccessible bulwarks, must (e'er one can obtain access to it) be attacked with the firmest intrepidity ; the several avenues that lead to it discovered, and numberless accidents surmounted in the way. A man must rouse the conscience, alarm the passions, captivate the imagination,

gination, and interest the judgment. There is perhaps no subject, that affords a nobler fund of materials for effectuating such an end, than the *general conflagration* : a subject, attended with this remarkable advantage, (which, by the bye, is peculiar to Divine Poetry), that the most elevated idea we can form of it, will fall infinitely short of reality. What expression can paint with adequate emphasis the solemnities of this tremendous scene ! when the last trump shall proclaim, with a sound dreadfully audible, AWAKE YE DEAD AND COME TO JUDGMENT ! when myriads shall burst from their once peaceful repositories, and hear an *irrevocable sentence* pronounced by their CREATOR ! when “ a mighty angel (to use the language of inspiration,) shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that there shall be time no longer :” when the great SAVIOUR of men “ shall be seen coming in the clouds,” surrounded with a triumphant company of superior intelligences, “ and heaven and earth fly away before him !” Then only shall we know this *transaction*, when we make a part of the con-

course; then only shall we form just conceptions of this almighty JUDGE, when we are summoned to his tribunal!

As the following is one of the first essays of early youth, an impartial account of my design is the best excuse I can make for it.

Tho', in the *ancient poets*, we may sometimes meet with a few random thoughts, and undigested draughts of the *day of judgment*; it will yet, I presume, be allowed, that the most elegant, beautiful, and particular detail of it, is contained in the *sacred writings*. The several circumstances are there exhibited, in a manner so suited to the majesty of the subject, that, (setting aside their inspiration,) the *glowing imagery* which heightens their descriptions, and their graceful simplicity, both in expression and sentiment, must be admired by every man of taste. I have endeavoured to show the justice of this observation, in the following attempt, by pointing out a few passages, which appeared remarkable to me for peculiar delicacy; and beauties, which I will venture to call inimitably fine: a design, that (so far as I know) has not yet been fully executed
by

by any writer; tho' the late ingenious Mr. PHILIPS intended to have done it, had not death prevented him.

THE best method I could recollect for adjusting the successive incidents, is that I have fixed on, and pursued.

THO' one may be struck with an uncommon thought, or judicious reflection; it is yet certain, that our imaginations are generally warmed, and the passions rise in proportion to our opinion of the *persons* who tell us a story, and the *actors* who are interested in it. Upon this principle, I cannot help thinking, that my subject appears with more advantage, when the author is supposed a *witness* to every thing that passes, and conducted through the whole by a *heavenly guide*, than it could possibly have done in a simple narration, however smooth in diction, or animated in sentiment.

AFTER all, if any one should think that a *dream* is no proper medium for illustrating the most awful, and to men the most interesting scene that can be imagined; I desire him either to fix on a better, or peruse (if he pleases) the ivth chapter

chapter of JOB, where he will find the most important truths communicated to *Eliphaz* in a similar form.

IF I might recommend the few sheets I have wrote on this subject for any thing, it is their design; and this, I am persuaded, with a pious or judicious reader, will go a great way to excuse their blemishes. If, however, they should excite some superior genius to attempt the theme, and describe it to better purpose, I shall not only be satisfied, but even

—glory in the work I did not write.

Univ. pas. sat. 2.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE approbation with which the following attempt (finished at first before the Author was seventeen) has been honoured by some persons of distinguished taste and character, encourages him to hope for a favourable reception of a more correct and accurate edition. He is sensible of the disadvantage with which any performance, on this subject, must appear, after it hath been so elegantly painted by an author of the first rank in the scale of genius. He professeth himself a warm admirer of Dr. YOUNG, whose writings are enriched with the most exquisite beauties of genuine poetry. The choice of his subject at first may, perhaps, be looked upon by the candid and impartial, as the fault of early unexperienced youth. He has endeavoured to atone for it, in some measure, by retrenching, in the present edition, many superfluities, by re-touching

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touching and enlarging many of the descriptions, by correcting the florid, strengthening the languid, supplying the defective, improving the sentimental; in short, he has endeavoured to make such alterations upon the whole, as are the result of riper years, and of a more extensive acquaintance with those authors, whose writings are the *standards* of just composition.

THE

THE
DAY of JUDGMENT.

BOOK I.

———*Circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.*

OVID. Metam.

COME heav'nly muse, thy raptur'd soul inspire,
Touch with one beam of thy celestial fire
A soul, that rising with sublime delight
Leaves worlds behind in its aerial flight;
Mounts o'er the clouds, unusual heights to soar, 5
Where YOUNG and angels only flew before.

I LEAVE unheeded ev'ry mortal care,
The victor's pomp, and all the scenes of war:
A nobler aim invites my song to rise:
No praise I sing, but his who form'd the skies; 10
No scenes, but Nature's burning vaults display'd;
No pow'r, but that which wakes the sleeping dead,

B

My

2 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

My theme how vast ! The sun's extinguish'd rays ;
Ten thousand stars in one devouring blaze ;
That doom, the guilty wretch must dread to hear ; 15
The last loud trump that stops the rolling sphere ;
The crouds that burst from earth's dissolving frame ;
All heaven descending, and a world on flame.

O THOU, whose hands the bolted thunder form,
Whose wings the whirlwind, * and whose breath the
form : 20

Tremendous GOD ! this wond'ring bosom raise,
And warm each thought that would attempt thy
praise.

O ! while I mount along th' etherial way,
To softer regions, and unclouded day,
Pass the long tracts where darting lightnings glow, 25
Or trembling view the boiling deeps below ;
Lead thro' the dubious maze, direct the whole,
Lend heav'nly aid to my transported soul,
Teach ev'ry nobler power to guide my tongue,
And touch the heart, while thou inspir'st the song. 30

'Twas at the hour, when mid-night ghosts assume
Some frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom ;
When the pale spectre bursts upon the view ;
When fancy paints the fading taper blue ;

When

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 3

When smiling virtue rests, nor dreads a foe ; 35

And slumber shuts the weeping eyes of woe :

'Twas then, amid the silence of the night,

A graceful seraph stood before my sight,

And blaz'd meridian day,—the rocking ground

Flam'd as he mov'd, and totter'd as he frown'd. 40

As some vast meteor, whose expanded glare

Shoots a long stream that brightens all the air,

So flam'd his burning eyes:—earth heard and shook

When from his lips these dreadful accents broke :

“ Now is that hour, when at th' Almighty's call, 45

“ Surrounding flames shall melt the yielding ball ;

“ When worlds must blaze amid the general fire,

“ And suns and stars with all their hosts expire.

“ The long-delay'd, th' important day is come,

“ (All nature quake with terror at the doom.) 50

“ For which creation rose supremely fair,

“ Each world was launch'd, and hung upon the air,

“ O'er system system roll'd, a shining throng,

“ And mov'd in silent harmony along.

“ That hour is come, when GOD himself shall rise, 55

“ Sublime in wrath, and rend the burning skies ;

“ Arrest the boundless planets, as they roll,

“ And burst the labouring earth from pole to pole ;

4 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

" Bid hell's remote dominions hear and shake,
" While nature sinks, and all the dead awake." 69

WARM'D as he spoke, I felt th' enliv'ning ray ;
Then loos'd from earth, triumphing soar'd away :
We mount at once, and, lighter than the wind,
Left, as we flew, the distant clouds behind.
Then far remov'd beheld th' abodes below, 65
And wait in deep suspense th' impending blow.

Now o'er the brightning east Aurora spread,
And ting'd the blushing cloud with morning red ;
The hill's proud summit caught the waving gleam ;
The pale ray trembled on the quiv'ring stream ; 70
Then opening gradual from the shades of night
The cloud-topt forest shone with dawning light,
Serene the beauteous landscape rose to view,
The mead's green mantle wet with spangling dew,
The gay-rob'd flow'rs that glow'd with heighten'd
bloom, 75
And bow'ring dales, and groves that breath'd perfume.

So when the tempest's sweepy blast is o'er,
Nor bursts the rushing wind, nor prattling show'r :
No hov'ring mist obscures th' emerging day,
Wide o'er the prospect pours the streamy ray ; 80

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 5

A fresher cloud the dewy fields exhale,
With richer fragrance blows the balmy gale,
The echoing hills with louder notes rebound,
And all th' illumin'd landscape rings around.
Charm'd and surpriz'd we saw the fair abode, 85
The plains with beauty's flow'ry offspring strow'd,
Beheld the city's distant spires arise,
Or tow'r's dim top that touch'd the bending skies ;
Or view'd the wild, with trackless paths o'ercast,
Where roams the lion thro' the naked waste ; 90
Or pensive, ey'd the solitary pile
Where flits the night-bird thro' the glimm'ring isle :
Struck deep with woe, we mark'd the domes o'er-
thrown

Where once the beauty bloom'd, the warrior shone ;
We saw Palmyra's mould'ring tow'rs decay'd, 95
The loose wall tott'ring o'er the trembling shade !
Or fall'n Persepolis that desert lay !
Or Tadmor's fanes where tygers prowl for prey !
Vain pomp of pow'r !—now in the throne of kings
Shrieks the 'lone owl, the raven shakes her wings. 100

THEN o'er the boundless deeps our eyes were roll'd,
The waves all brightning flam'd with beamy gold.
Here mov'd in gradual rows the billows heave,
There on the rough rock foams the madding wave,
Or

6 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Or dash the torrents down the cliff's steep side, 105
 Or thro' the cavern sweeps the rushing tide ;
 We mark'd the river's long majestic train,
 And streams that murmur'd o'er the flow'ry plain,
 The lake whose waves with lucid radiance glow,
 Not finer tints impress the show'ry bow, 110
 The fountain bubbling thro' the moss-clad hill,
 And wand'ring wild the sweetly-tinkling rill.

THEN o'er the champain's broider'd lawns we stray,
 Where gaily warbling thrill'd the wood-land lay,
 Survey'd with rapture all th' inviting scene, 115
 The vary'd landscape, and the vivid green ;
 A charming train of all the muses themes,
 Gay meads, and pointed rocks, and purling streams ;
 Hills, vales, and woods in sweet disorder spread,
 And blooming fields in all their pomp display'd. 120
 Still at each look, (amid the countless store)
 We mark'd some feature unobserv'd before ;
 As in the cheek with opening roses warm,
 Each piercing glance improves the growing charm,

THEN sighing deep, distracted at the view, 125
 " Adieu, I cried, ye blissful scenes adieu :
 " That sun must cease to gild the flow'ry plain ;
 " The moon be lost with all the starry train ;
 " Plung'd

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 7

" Plung'd in one fire, each mighty frame consume,
" 'Tis God, th' Eternal God has seal'd their doom." 130

Lo! at the word (each transient ray withdrawn)
A lowring cloud at once o'ercaft the dawn :
From its big womb, with swelling tempefts stor'd ;
Pale lightning flash'd, and dreadful thunder roar'd.
Earth's glowing bofom felt a fudden wound, 135
And ftrong convulfions rent the opening ground ;
The rapid whirlwind with impetuous fweep
Burst from its vaults, and rais'd the labouring deep ;
Rocks, cities, freams at once its wond'rous prey,
It fwept the woods, and bore the hills away. 140
Thus, when Olympus fhook with loud alarms,
* When all th'angelick hofts appear'd in arms,
Each adverfe legion flood unmov'd with fear,
Each God-like cherub wav'd a flaming fpear ;
Hills, forefts, rocks their mutual rage fupply, 145
They flung th'enormous mountains thro' the fky,
From the deep earth th'exalted cedars tore,
And buried nature in the wild uproar.

BUT now, with terror rifing on the fight,
† A burning comet flash'd unufual light. 150
Quick as the wind, the wing'd deftruction came
O'er all the void, and drew a length of flame ;

8 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Shap'd thro' the parting clouds its dreadful way,
And pour'd on earth intolerable day.
At once the cave its inmost void displays ; 155
The waving forests catch the spreading blaze ;
The earth no more its central fire contains,
It rag'd and swell'd resistless o'er the plains.

Now in a broader range the deluge raves,
And rolls triumphant thro' the boiling waves ; 160
O'er all the hills the rising flames aspire,
The mountains blaze, a mighty ridge of fire !
Where stood the snow-crown'd Alps, (an awful name !)
Now roll'd the doubling smoke, a spiry flame ;
While o'er the * Andes in a whirlwind driv'n 165
Burst the blue gleam, and darkness wrapt the heav'n.
Ev'n Ætna rocks with a reluctant groan,
Sunk in a flame more dreadful than its own ;
A fiery stream the deep Volcano pours,
And from its mouth incessant thunder roars. 170

Each humbler vale partakes the gen'ral doom,
The smiling meads resign their lovely bloom ;
Not Asia's fields th'impetuous flood retain,
It bounds with fury o'er the wide champaign.
Whate'er to view revolving seasons bring, 175
Each opening flow'r, the painted child of spring,

Bleak

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 9

Bleak Winter's snow, with Summer's rosy pride,
And Autumn's ripening stores, augment the tide:
In its big womb it bears the shining spoil,
Hills burst, rocks melt, woods blaze, and ocean
boil. 180

SUCH, man, thy life, when death's relentless rage
Crops thy gay bloom, or chills thy with'ring age;
In vain thy wish would stop th'invader's pow'r,
Who spares the leaf to revel on the flow'r.
O! how transported with a fleeting dream 185
We fondly launch, and glide along the stream!
Nor think of tempests, mis'ry, pain, or death,
The storms above us, and the wrecks beneath!
When lo! at once a cloudy scene succeeds,
It low'rs, frowns, blackens, bellows o'er our heads; 190
Bounds o'er the seas, and with destructive sweep,
Flings wave on wave, and whelms us in the deep.

WHERE now the nation, whose controuling law
Rul'd ev'ry state, and held a world in awe?
Say where, BRITANNIA, thy remoter plain? 195
Thy fields enrich'd with plenty's welcome train?
Thy fleets, to sound their dreadful fame afar,
And rule the deep, the thunderbolts of war?

C

Still

10 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Still in my thought thy happier days detain'd,
 When GEORGE, when ANNA, when ELIZA reign'd; 200
 I see, I hear the battle's wild alarms,
 See trembling foes, and thy triumphant arms!
 I see sublime the floating navy rise,
 The pompous streamers waving as she flies!
 I see the shudd'ring hosts that round her fall, 205
 The * haughty Spaniard here, and there † the Gaul.
 I see ^{great} great BOURBON fainting and dismay'd,
 And view the laurel blasted on his head.
 O! while my country's glory fires my lays,
 How my fond heart runs lavish in her praise! 210
 But see, 'tis fled!—I urge, implore its stay,
 In vain; the charming vision dies away;
 The plains where once her shouting armies stood,
 The stream's broad wave that blush'd with hostile blood,
 Roll'd in the mass of fire neglected lay, 215
 And join'd th' involving cloud that hid the day.

ALL, all was lost on earth's consuming frame,
 One gen'ral wreck, one undistinguish'd flame:
 To aid the fire BRITANNIA's domes combin'd,
 Nor left one trace of all their pomp behind. 220
 Thus when some tow'ring oak, that long had stood
 High o'er the rest, and triumph'd in the wood,

III 2

Falls

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 11

Falls at the shock of some tremendous blow ;
While thunders roar above, and earthquakes rock
below,

The sweeping whirlwind labours e're it yield, 225
Th'enormous trunk lies dreadful on the field :
Prodigious ruin ! round its ample base,
The humbler shrubs, and all the forests blaze.

Lo ! there the graceful fabric now defac'd,
Wide swells the torrent thro' the burning waste. 230
The lofty tow'r compleat in ev'ry part,
That stood (by millions rear'd) the boast of art ;
The firm, compacted wall, that long defy'd
Each batt'ring ball that thunder'd on its side ;
Th' Egyptian pyramid, majestic dome ! 235
Where Kings exchange'd the scepter for the tomb ;
The sculptur'd brass, the monumental stone,
In one promiscuous heap were all o'erthrown.
Whate'er beneath the forming hand was wrought,
By labouring ages to perfection brought. 240
Now prone in dust, to swell the aspiring flame,
Sunk its proud brow, and lay without a name.

SEE earth's pale sons, a mighty throng appear !
How wild their looks with agonizing fear !
Swift, as the hart, from her pursuing train, 245
Climbs the steep rock, and flies along the plain :

12 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

'Tis thus, the tempest's dreadful rage to shun,
 They sweep the field, and shiver as they run.
 Here yawning gulphs their dreadful wrecks disclose,
 There nature labours with convulsive throws : 250
 Here the flame bursts, and blazes to the skies,
 There flash the pointed lightnings on their eyes.
 Amaz'd, aghast the trembling throng retire,
 Eye the bright gleam, and mark the speeding fire ;
 Hung on the steepy cliff, all wild with dread, 255
 Heav'n's awful thunder rattles o'er their head !
 The skies above with doubling roars rebound,
 Below strong earthquakes rend the tott'ring ground.
 'Tis noise around, 'tis chaos all beneath ;
 One scene of horror, tumult, rage and death 260
 Bursts on their sight ! the fatal word is past,
 And panting nature groans, and breathes her last.

So, when tempestuous at th'ETERNAL's word
 The teeming skies a wat'ry deluge pour'd ;
 The vast abyss its mighty womb display'd, 265
 And the flood rose o'er ATLAS' trowning head ;
 Some nation fell, in each augmented wave
 Dissolv'd, and earth was one prodigious grave.

MARK where yon mines their radiant stores unfold,
 PERU's rich dust, or CHILI's beds of gold ! 270
 Infi-

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 13

Insidious bane ! that makes destruction smooth,
Thou foe to virtue, liberty, and truth !
Whose arts the fate of monarchies decide,
Who gild'ft deceit, the darling child of pride !
How oft, allur'd by thy persuasive charms, 275
Have earth's contending powers appear'd in arms !
What nations brib'd have own'd thy pow'rful reign !
For thee what millions plow'd the stormy main !
Travel'd from pole to pole with ceaseless toil,
And felt their blood, alternate, freeze and boil. 280

SEE where a crow'd thro' desert AFRIC spreads,
The sun's bright glories blazing o'er their heads !
See, where thro' INDIA's distant climes they pour !
See countless throngs on GUINEA's burning shore !
See waving forests fall to make them room ! 285
See, scoop'd for wealth the rock's expanded womb !
See, each deep gloom admits the solar ray !
See, thro' the cavern bursts meridian day !
See earth, air, ocean, storms, and thunders dar'd !
For what ? —some pebble their immense reward ! 290
Or bullion'd earth that sets the breast on fire,
Or hoards that tempt th' insatiate soul's desire.

BUT now the mantling flames in concourse join,
And deep descending seize the burning mine ;

Its

14 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze, 295
'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.
When lo! a cloud just opening on the view
Illum'd with dazzling light th'etherial blue!
On its broad breast a mighty angel came,
His eyes were lightning, and his robes of flame, 300
O'er all his form the circling glories run,
And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun;
His limbs with heav'n's aërial vesture glow,
And o'er his head was hung the sweepy bow.
As shines the brightning steel's refulgent gleam, 305
When the smooth blade reflects the spangling beam,
It's light with quicken'd glance the eye surveys,
Green, gold, and vermil, trembling as it plays;
So flam'd his wings along th'ethereal road,
And earth's long shores resounded as he trod. 310
Sublime he towr'd! keen terror arm'd his eyes,
And grasp'd the redning bolt that rends the skies;
One foot stood firmly on th'extended plain
Secure, and one repel'd the bounding main;
He shook his arm;—the lightning burst away, 315
Thro' heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,
Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous, thro' the gloom,
And peals on peals prepare th'impending doom.
Then to his lips a mighty trump apply'd,
(The flames were ceas'd, the muti'ring thunders dy'd)

While

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 15

While all th'involving firmaments rebound 321
He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound :
These dreadful words he spoke——,

“ Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night !
“ And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light !
“ Ye planets, drop from these dissolving skies ! 326
“ Rend, all ye tombs ; and, all ye dead, arise !
“ Ye winds, be still ; ye tempests, rave no more !
“ And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore !
“ Earth, be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high !
“ And time, be lost in vast eternity ! 331

“ Now, by creation's dread tremendous Sire,
“ Who sweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire ;
“ By heav'n's omnipotent, unconquer'd King ;
“ By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing ; 335
“ Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
“ Forms, or confounds with one commanding nod ;
“ Who wraps in blackning clouds his awful brow,
“ Whose glance like lightning looks all nature thro' :
“ By him I swear !” (he paus'd, and bow'd the head,
Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and said) 341
“ Attend ye faints, who in seraphic lays
“ Exalt his name, but tremble while you praise :
“ Ye hosts, that bow to your Almighty Lord,
“ Hear, all his works, th'irrevocable word ! 345
“ Thy

16 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

“Thy reign, O man, and, earth, thy days are o’er!

“I swear by him, that time shall be no more.”

He spoke: (all nature groan’d a loud reply;)

Then shook the sun, and tore him from the sky.

O! would some angel’s awful voice controul 350

Each drooping thought, and swell my rising soul;

Would some descending seraph tune the lyre,

And warm my breast with more than mortal fire:

The scene I draw sublimer strains would claim,

Ev’n those might labour on so vast a theme! 355

But why for aid invok’d th’ immortal throng?

Why call’d angelic fire to tune my tongue?

I see each look distracted, terrify’d,

The harp untouch’d hangs idly by their side.

I see, I see omnipotence in arms, 360

Each bosom trembling at the shrill alarms!

I see the sun fall thro’ th’ ethereal plains;

The moon’s pale disk a bloody tincture stains:

The dreadful call each mightier orbit hears,

And worlds unning’d come tumbling from their
spheres. 365

WHAT pomp, what terror, tumult, and amaze!

What crowds to view! what wrecks to swell the blaze!

What

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 17

What loud volcanoes roar ! (ev'n fiends recoil)

What rocks to melt ! what oceans yet to boil !

SHOULDST thou behold, in dreadful league combin'd, 370

At once great Ætna and Vesuvius join'd ;

Two mighty rivals from their center rock,

Surround the deep, and hide the clouds in smoke ;

Their burning bowels rent, and (dire to name !)

Ev'n suns extinguish'd in the spreading flame ! 375

Say, what is all, let fire, wind, waves prevail,

Compar'd to this ?—a feather, and a gale !

Rous'd from their sleep unnumber'd myriads
come,

All wak'd at once, and burst the yielding tomb :

O'er the broad deep the loosen'd members swim ; 380

Each sweeping whirlwind bore the flying limb :

The living atoms, with peculiar care

Drawn from their cells, came speeding thro' the air :

* Whether they lurk'd, thro' ages undecay'd,

Deep in the rock, or cloth'd some smiling mead ; 385

Or in the lily's snowy bosom grew ;

Or ting'd the saphire with its lovely blue ;

Or in some purling stream refresh'd the plains ;

Or form'd the mountain's adamantine veins ;

D

Or,

18 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Or, gayly sporting in the breathing Spring, 390
 Perfum'd the whisp'ring Zephyr's balmy wing :
 All heard ; and now, in fairer prospect shown,
 Limb clung to limb, and bone rejoin'd its bone :
 Here stood, improv'd in strength, the graceful frame,
 There flow'd the circling blood, a purer stream : 395
 The beaming eye its dazzling light resumes ;
 Soft on the lip the tinctur'd ruby blooms ;
 The beating pulse a keener ardor warms,
 And beauty triumphs in immortal charms.

So when by RAPHAEL's happy pencil wrought 400
 Some graceful figure rose, inform'd with thought ;
 Each part by turns the working hand pourtray'd,
 Here cast the light, and there diffus'd the shade ;
 A richer bloom each flying touch bestow'd ;
 Now on the cheek a brighter vermeil glow'd : 405
 Art in the piece with nature seem'd to strive,
 And ev'ry blushing feature look'd alive.

WHAT scenes appear, where'er I turn my eyes !
 How wide the throng ! what forms innum'rous rise !
 Methinks I still behold the teeming earth 410
 Pour all at once her millions at a birth !
 They start with terror thro' the opening ground,
 Flames all beneath, and thunders all around,

What

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 19

What manly vigour reigns in ev'ry part,
Fires the broad breast, and swells the bounding heart !
Not earth's first-born a mightier concourse stood, 416
Who tow'r'd like mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood ;
Not he, who thro' opposing legions broke,
* Flung the rough stone, † or heav'd th' unwieldy rock,
E'er felt such force, when from th' o'erwhelming blow,
Amaz'd and trembling run the frightened foe ; 421
When, at each look, surpriz'd, and struck with dread
Whole hosts retir'd, and wonder'd, as they fled.

ARE these the forms, that languishingly fair,
Repin'd, and sicken'd at each breeze of air ? 425
The tender frames, like fading roses pale,
Whose leaves are shrivel'd by the ruffling gale ?
To death's destructive dart an easy prey,
That sunk, and feebly figh'd the soul away ?

THIS clouded scene attempt not to explore ; 430
Where reason sinks, 'twere madness then to soar :
Heav'n that to each the just proportion brought,
Here bounds the flight of vain bewilder'd thought :
When fancy plays within its proper sphere,
It smiles, and shows th' unfully'd object clear ; 435
Whene'er from that the erring guide removes,
'Tis dark ; all else but puzzles, not improves.

20 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

THUS, when some Indian, for the shining gem,
 Tempts the rough sea, or plunges in the stream ;
 The prize obtain'd, each cautious diver saves, 440
 Who dives too deep, is bury'd in the waves.

LOOK round, my soul, o'er ev'ry scene below,
 What millions rise, distinguish'd by their woe !
 See widows, orphans, mothers, infants slain,
 A feeble, harmless, weeping, fainting train ! 445
 What crowds, extinct by an untimely doom,
 Are torn from life in youth's deluding bloom !
 A throng of mourners sighing by their side,
 The hoary sire perhaps, and virgin bride ;
 The friend whose eyes with gushing streams o'erflow, 450
 The mother pierc'd with agonizing woe,

SEE ! where the shade, to strike his gasping prey,
 Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its way ;
 Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,
 He sits, and tramples on the dust of kings. 455
 See ! his black chariot floats in streams of gore,
 Pale rage behind, and terror strides before.
 Not beauty with'ring in the bloom of years,
 Not dove-ey'd innocence dissolv'd in tears,
 Not kneeling love that trembles as it prays, 460
 Not heart-struck anguish fix'd in stupid gaze !

Not

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 21

Not all the frantic groans of wild despair ;
Not helpless age, that tears its silver hair ;
Can stay one moment the severe command,
Or wrest th' avenging dart from that relentless hand. 465

HERE pause :—the crowds extended on the bier
Claim from the filial heart a parting tear ;
Spend on the tomb where drooping grandeur lies,
One mournful burst of sympathizing sighs.

O death ! terrific 'ere thy dart is try'd ! 470
Whose hand o'erturns the tow'ring domes of pride ;
What wide destruction marks thy fatal reign !
What numbers bleed thro' all thy vast domain !
Whether thy arm, its dreadful strength to show,
Like SAMPSON'S, sweeps its thousand at a blow : 475
Or gives the cannon's parting ball to fly,
Or wings the lightning glancing thro' the sky,
Or bursts the opening ground (whose fields destroy'd)
The city tumbling thro' the dreadful void !
If, in the fever, famine, plague, thou blast 480
Th' unpeopled earth, and lay the nations waste ;
Tho' all her sons the victims of thy pow'r,
Her sons, that fall by millions in an hour ;
Yet know, should all thy terrors stand display'd,
'Tis but the meaner soul that shrinks with dread : 485
That

22 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

That solemn scene the suppliant captive mourns ;
That scene, intrepid virtue views, and scorns.

THINE, virtue! thine is each persuasive charm,
Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures warm ;
Thine all the bliss that innocence bestows, 490
And thine the heart that feels another's woes.
What tho' thy train, neglected, or unknown,
Have fought the silent vale, and sigh'd alone ?
Tho' torrents stream'd from ev'ry melting eye ?
Tho' from each bosom burst th' unpity'd sigh ? 495
Tho' oft, with life's distracting cares oppress'd,
They long'd to sleep in everlasting rest ?
O envy'd misery !—what soft delight
Breath'd on the mind, and smooth'd the gloom of night :
When nobler prospects, an eternal train, 500
Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein ;
When heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye survey'd,
And joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the shade.

Now all appear'd ascending from the tomb,
Who breath'd the air, or slumber'd in the womb : 505
The crowds that live in all th' unbounded skies,
Now rais'd the trembling head with wild surprize :
* Stars with their num'rous sons augment the throng,
Each world's majestic offspring tow'r'd along :

Thick,

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 23

Thick, as the burning sun's meridian rays, 510
The hov'ring insects basking in the blaze ;
The swarms that flutter, when the day's withdrawn ;
The throng that rises with the rising dawn ;
The worlds supported by JEHOVAH's care,
And all the race that peoples all the air. 515
Rang'd on a field by labouring angels rear'd,
In dreadful length th' innum'rous throng appear'd :
Earth's noblest sons, the mighty wretched things,
Call'd Heroes, Consuls, Cefars, Judges, Kings,
Now swell'd the crowd, promiscuous and unknown, 520
The meanest slave from him who fill'd a throne :
Each tyrant now would blefs the yawning tomb,
And pride stands shudd'ring at th' approaching doom.

THINK you beheld ten thousand armies stand,
All form'd, and rais'd by some divine command ; 525
Saw where the giants burst their dark abode,
While the tomb labour'd with th' unusual load.
Let Theseus, Samson, towr upon the plain,
With stern Achilles, from a field of slain :
Let Rome's and Greece' triumphant sons appear, 530
A Cefar there, an Alexander here :
Her splendid multitudes let Persia join,
Thy swarms, Thermopylæ, and, Iffus, thine.

See

24 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

See Cannæ tainted with a purple flood,
 And great Pharfalia's fields that swam with blood : 535
 Extend the view :—See god-like Trajan's pow'r ;
 Th' intrepid chief proceeds from shore to shore,
 Flies on the foe, and paints the reeking field with gore! }
 Lo ! next a throng of wild Barbarians come,
 The crowds that triumph'd o'er imperial Rome : 540
 See, like a cloud that gathers on the day,
 Th' embattled squadrons shape their dreadful way ;
 Prodigious hosts ! who (all their foes o'erthrown)
 Once rul'd supreme, and made a world their own :
 Next Asia's millions fill th' extended space, 545
 Known from the rest, a soft, unmanly race ;
 While there, (each bosom rough with many a scar)
 Stand Afric's troops, the stormy sons of war.

BUT see, where rising, a resplendent throng,
 Thy sons, Europa, claim a nobler song ! 550
 Lo ! Britain's heroes burst upon the fight,
 Each chief who dar'd th' exulting foe to fight !
 View the wide fields, where fainting armies bled !
 See BLENHEIMS, CRESSI's, AGINCOURTS display'd !
 War, blood, destruction, triumphs, conquests rise, 555
 And kings, and patriots bless th' enraptur'd eyes !
 Let Gallia next her num'rous hosts unfold,
 The crowds she rais'd by force, or won by gold :

Think,

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 25

Think you beheld th' united armies spread,
And all the crowds TURENE, or CONDE led; 560
By * CHARLES' unguided rage the throng that dy'd;
The millions murder'd for her BOURBON's pride.

JOIN all at once, or (if the thoughts can soar
So vast a height) yet add ten thousand more!
Say when thy soul its last idea brought, 565
Stretch'd o'er the verge of strong expanded thought?
When all th' unbounded genius soar'd on high,
Did e'er such numbers strike the wond'ring eye?
So vast, they mock the soul's confounded sight:
Ev'n thought falls back in its unequal flight! 570
Not tempting hope the mighty depth can sound,
Nor fancy's widening ken can mark the bound.

YET, mid' the crowd that pour'd o'er all the field,
A crowd which scarce the labouring eye beheld!
Ye monarchs, hear!—this pomp of nations join'd, 575
These ages, empires, kingdoms, states combin'd,
These boasted thousands, millions, myriads,—all
Shrunk to a point unmeasurably small!
Scarce, when a group of buzzing flies display
Their forms, that glitter with the glancing ray; 580
Scarce less observ'd, mid' all the numbers there,
One fitting wing that feebly fans the air!

E

ETERNAL

26 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

ETERNAL GOD, whose word supremely wise
 Can crush, 'or people all th' expanded skies !
 Who bid'st creation wait on thy command, 585
 Throw'st worlds like atoms from thy forming hand !
 O ! for some nobler, more exalted lays,
 Some heav'nly strains, to speak thy boundless praise !
 All fancy droops on this transporting scene !
 All rapture dull ! all elegance is mean ! 590
 All thought too faint ! all colours cease to glow !
 All fire too languid ! all sublime too low !
 O Thou, whose name all nature joins to raise !
 What seraph's voice can tell thy wondrous ways !
 Who show'd (how god-like was th' amazing plan) 595
 Thy pow'r on angels, but thy love to man !
 Thy pow'r, thy love, when uncontroll'd and free,
 Crush'd all their hosts, O man, and ransom'd thee.

BUT stay, my muse, be silent and admire ;
 This lofty theme exceeds angelic fire ! 600
 Mark what new scene thy rapid glance descrys !
 What sudden radiance flashes o'er the skies !
 From heaven's vast heights th' immortal throng descend ;
 The worlds below in mute suspense attend :
 Thro' all its tracts thy mighty theme pursue, 605
 And paint the scenes that burst upon thy view.

Now,

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 27

Now, touch'd with grief, the pensive guide survey'd
Whate'er of grand this awful pomp display'd ;
Then rais'd in silent woe his mournful eyes,
And paus'd,—till thus with intermingling sighs : 610

“ Say where, vain mortal ! now the pomp of state ?
“ The pride of kings, the triumphs of the great ?
“ Where now th' imbattled host, the whirling car ?
“ Where the proud spoils of desolating war ?
“ Hope's flatt'ring wish, ambition's tow'ring aim ? 615
“ The boast of grandeur, and the wreaths of fame ?
“ Where the gay plan by fancy's hand refin'd,
“ That smil'd illusive on th' enchanted mind ?
“ Ah ! view'd no more, these beauteous traits decay,
“ Like stars that fade before the rising day ! 620
“ Less swift the gale that skims the rustling stream,
“ Nor flies more quick the visionary dream.
“ Hail, heav'nly piety, supremely fair !
“ Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair ;
“ Bid in each breast unusual transports flow, 625
“ And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe :
“ How blest the man who leaves each meaner scene,
“ Like thee, exalted, smiling, and serene !
“ Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight ;
“ Whose bosom melts with more refin'd delight ; 630

28 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

“ Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,

“ Can soar at once beyond the views of time :

“ Till loos'd from earth, as angels unconfin'd,

“ He flies aërial on the darting wind ;

“ Free as the keen-ey'd eagle, bears away, 635

“ And mounts the regions of eternal day.”

BOOK II.

— προσεφη νεφεληγερετα Zeus.

HOM.

ONCE more, O muse, th'ALMIGHTY's pow'r
proclaim ;

Once more, tho' trembling try th' exalted theme :

A theme, the labour of seraphic lays,

While heav'n's majestic arches ring with praise ;

That rais'd at once by all th' immortal choir, 5

Dwells on the warbling voice, and strings the tuneful lyre.

O ! if receiv'd amid the vocal throng,

Saints, angels, men, that join the gen'ral song,

If, mid' each heav'nly soul's sublimer strain,

These humbler lays some distant place obtain, 10

(That boast no beauties from improving art,

But feebly breathe the raptures of the heart ;)

How blest!--if thou, Great GOD, th'attempt should own,

Or view the meanest off'ring at thy throne.

Now thro' the crowd in dark suspense detain'd 15

An awful, deep, portentous silence reign'd :

Pale

30 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Pale conscience lowring works a storm within,
 Recals the hours, and paints th' unguarded sin;
 Throws all the masques of shudd'ring guilt aside,
 And bares the front of envy, rage, and pride. 20
 Ev'n virtue sigh'd,—but hope (an angel-dame !)
 O'er all her bosom pour'd celestial flame,
 Dispel'd the hov'ring mist that veil'd her eyes,
 And show'd afar the bright immortal prize.
 As when at once assembled nations wait 25
 Some great event, some dubious birth of fate;
 All stand (with dreadful expectation warm'd)
 Depress'd, enraptur'd, frightened, or alarm'd;
 The opening scene each wond'ring thought employs,
 And wild amazement stops the trembling voice : 30
 Such, but far more, th' unbounded throng appears,
 While nobler hopes, or more distracting fears
 Flam'd in each look, they felt a deeper care,
 And knew th' extremes of rapture, and despair.

How vast the prize each smiling saint survey'd ! 35
 While heav'n's transcendent glories stood display'd !
 The brightning eye beheld each fair abode ;
 The throbbing breast with more than transport glow'd :
 But oh ! no words, no image can express
 The fine delight, the flow of melting bliss, 40

The

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 31

The soft emotions trilling thro' the whole,
The secret springs that touch'd the feeling soul,
When mid' the skies each blooming scene was view'd,
Eternal day ! a sun without a cloud !
Surrounding pleasures, boundless as refin'd ! 45
'Twas fancy's food, the music of the mind !

OH say ! transporting thought ! can heav'n bestow
Such endless prospects for some years of woe ?
Are these the joys for fav'rite souls prepar'd ?
Neglected piety's sublime reward ? 50
The opening treasures in eternal store,
T' enrich the mean, the suff'ring, and the poor ?
O wond'rous bliss, too vast for mortal's sense !
Amazing love ! divine benevolence !
Let heav'nly harps th' immortal anthem raise, 55
And wond'ring angels pour the song of praise.

YE who the tempest's bursting rage sustain,
Toss'd by the whirling wind or stormy main !
Who coolly-calm behold the dark'ning hour,
Upheld by Him who gives the storm its pow'r, 60
Who stand superior in th' important strife,
Or patient climb the roughening steep of life ;
Yet

32 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Yet bear the shock:—for lo th' advancing shore !
 Soon the black cloud, the wintry blast is o'er !
 See yon gay scenes emerging from the gloom ! 65
 See flow'ry meads that breathe eternal bloom !
 See beck'ning angels point your steps away !
 See pour'd o'er all the radiant blaze of day !
 Soon as the mortal veil is dropt behind,
 To heav'n all-ardent springs th' exulting mind, 70
 Nor knows (illumin'd with celestial light)
 Where once it wander'd mid' th' involving night,
 Where thro' the vale all-trackless and unknown
 It pass'd, and trod the devious wild alone,
 Where darkness o'er the gloomy region spread, 75
 And virtue trembling stood, or walk'd with dread.

Then when th' Eternal bids the tempest cease,
 When drops the mould'ring dust, and sleeps in peace ;
 Then Faith no more shall point th' uncertain prize,
 Nor lowring clouds obscure the brightning skies, 80
 Nor Hope's warm wish with thrilling ardor glow,
 Nor virtue languish in th' abodes of woe,
 Nor care stray musing thro' the wildring maze,
 Nor heav'n-rapt thought dissolve in eager gaze ;
 But o'er the clime immortal beauty reigns, 85
 Gay pleasure sports along th' aërial plains,

Each

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 33

Each spring of joy celestial strains improve,
And all the impassion'd soul is lost in love.

BUT mark that throng ; what keen, destructive smart,
What piercing anguish stings the tortur'd heart ! 90
While pain's fell brood in dreadful concourse join'd,
Fear, rage, and guilt, distract the madd'ning mind ;
The gentler calm, the hours of mercy fled,
At last slow vengeance rears its gorgon head,
No time remains to ease the flutt'ring breast ! 95
No friend to soothe the racking thought to rest !
No shade to screen from heav'n's impending doom !
No hope to sleep in yon dissolving tomb !
'Tis past !—and lo the blackning clouds appear !
Involving darkness wraps the boundless sphere ! 100
While thro' the gloom just darting on their eyes,
The last pale beam shoots, trembles, fades, and dies.
Ah ! hopeless train !—what madness to engage !
To rouse, (poor wretch !) Omnipotence to rage !
Why dar'd you sport, and dally with a God ? 105
Why spurn'd his mercies ? why contemn'd his rod ?
Why scorn'd his wrath, despis'd each milder call ?
And forc'd from heav'n th' avenging rod to fall ?
O blind to fate, who, with unguarded haste,
Would fondly judge the future by the past ! 110

F

Who

34 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Who once, (deluded with an airy name)
 Flew smooth, tho' quick, o'er time's deceitful stream ;
 Who, when th' enchanting pleasure rose in view,
 Thought, vainly thought, 'twould be immortal too.
 Life ! 'tis the glance of some uncertain ray, 115
 A shadowy thing, that smiles, and glides away,
 A clouded landscape, an amusing tale,
 A fleeting thought, a momentary gale,
 A dream, which scarce the waking soul retains,
 And oft the rack, where virtue bleeds in chains. 120

BUT now 'twas o'er :—* for from his great abode
 Full on a whirlwind came the dreadful G O D :
 The Tempest's rattling wings, the fiery car,
 Ten thousand hosts, his ministers of war,
 The flaming cherubim attend his flight, 125
 And heav'n's foundations groan'd beneath their weight :
 Thro' all the skies his forky lightnings play'd,
 With radiant splendor glow'd his beamy head :
 From his bright eyes the trembling throng retire ;
 He spoke in thunder, and he breath'd in fire : 130
 He stood,—o'er all the boundless glory shone,
 Then call'd, † and darkness form'd his gloomy throne ;
 Black clouds hung awful round the bursting ray,
 And veil'd from sight th' intolerable day.

So

THE DAY of JUDGMENT. 35

So when (elate his glorious course to run) 135
 O'er heav'n's blue region flames the blazing sun;
 The lucid stream o'erpow'rs the orbs of light,
 The slack nerve trembling in the flood of light.
 Should then some cloud his keener rays conceal,
 He glows less dazzling thro' the filmy veil; 140
 His beams absorb'd their piercing heat detain,
 And gentler radiance gilds the flow'ry plain.

Now, man, if e'er, (this awful scene survey'd,)
 Thy soul stood trembling with unusual dread;
 If e'er despair could touch thy throbbing heart; 145
 If e'er thou shook'st at death's approaching dart;
 If, in some fight, thy pitying soul beheld
 A murder'd host lie gasping on the field;
 While ev'ry bosom pour'd a purple flood,
 Wound following wound, and blood succeeding blood:
 Attend an ampler scene!—more dreadful far! 151
 See, GOD descends, with millions at his bar!
 Lo! the wide field, where thousands in despair,
 Would smile at death, and hug the mangling spear;
 Where, fir'd with rage too big to be express'd, 155
 They'd bless the reeking blade that tore their breast:
 O! with what joy some mortal wound they'd feel!
 With what delight they'd clasp the pointed steel!
 Hung on the smarting rack, or stretch'd upon the wheel! }

36 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Blest, were some mountain, at th'Eternal's call, 160
Whirl'd from its base, to crush them in the fall;
Would heav'n's great Soy'reign hear their only pray'r,
To strow their limbs, like atoms, in the air;
Would some devouring flame their dust consume,
Or deep volcano hide them in its womb: 165
With their last breath they'd praise JEHOVAH's name,
And bless their dreadful sentence in the flame.
But ah! 'tis all in vain! —

WHERE am I rapt?—say, is the judgment come?
Is this the hour for man's immortal doom? 170
Is then the mighty judge already nigh?
Are these his banners waving in the sky?
Support me, heav'n!—I shudder with affright;
I quake, I sink with terror at the sight:
Still, still methinks, I see the God appear; 175
Still bursts the trump, like thunder, on my ear;
Still glows the scene:—O! may it ne'er depart,
But warm each thought, and burn within my heart;
Woo this young breast to seek some fairer clime,
And raise the soul with pleasures all sublime. 180
Then, at that hour, when swifter than the shade,
Time, life, and youth, and pomp, and beauty fade,
Ten thousand blissful scenes shall charm the mind,
More sweet than life, than beauty more refin'd;

Where

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 37

Where heav'nly youth shall ev'ry smile resume, 185
And on its cheek eternal roses bloom.

SAY, do'st thou long to reach yon distant sky?
Flames ev'ry passion? does thy pulse beat high?
Do'st thou with transport view that sparkling crown?
Does thy soul tremble at thy Maker's frown? 190
O! think, the mighty prize will ne'er be bought
By one brisk start, or transient flash of thought:
'Tis not the blaze of thy uncertain fire,
The wild, loose sally of some keen desire;
Each darting impulse, rapid as the flood, 195
Or boiling ferment of the tainted blood:
Can these with awful justice e'er prevail,
That weighs each thought in its impartial scale?
No:—'tis a work that grows upon the sight,
'Tis god-like virtue's regular delight: 200
Th' intrepid soul by passion ne'er alarm'd,
Improv'd by judgment, as by fancy warm'd;
Whose zeal with reason's rigid dictate sorts,
Glow, but not blazes, warms, but not transports;
Whose conduct, squar'd by ev'ry noble rule, 205
Forms one proportion'd, just, consistent whole:
'Tis he who does whate'er a mortal can,
Yet sees defects, and thinks himself—a man;

Who,

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 38

Who, what he wants, or ought not to have done,
Nor scorns to know, nor e'er will blush to own; 210
Who knows how weak the aids from virtue brought,
When vice, sweet siren! lulls the wav'ring thought,
When smooth deceit, in beauty's robes array'd,
Tempts the bold wish along the flow'ry mead:
When keen temptation prompts the heart to stray, 215
And the warm tumult melts the soul away:
Who then from heav'n awaits directing light,
And stands unshaken in superior might:
This, this is he, who in serene repose
Can coolly smile at earth's convulsive throws; 220
And, led by angels to their soft abode,
Can feel that bliss th' ALMIGHTY now bestow'd.

O'ER all the crowd he took one vast survey,
With eyes that * view the darkness, as the day.
Each deep design, tho' hid behind a cloud, 225
With secret acts, a countless multitude,
Whate'er beneath that conscious sun was wrought,
He knew, and weigh'd in one prodigious thought.
Thus, (if the muse that dwells on heav'nly themes,
May stoop to earth, and join two wide extremes,) 230
† When some great gen'ral, with preventive care,
In vast idea plans the future war;

Here

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 39

Here swells a thought that sees whole squadrons slain,
That plants the murd'ring cannon on the plain :
Now in his mind the coming triumphs rise ; 235
He smiles, the pleasure sparkles in his eyes ;
He feels with joy his raptur'd bosom glow,
Yet sighs with manly pity o'er the foe.

O ! what black scenes that dreadful moment came,
What guilt that virtue blushes but to name ! 240
Crimes that ne'er shrunk at their approaching doom,
‡ That deep'ned midnight's all-surrounding gloom,
Now rear'd with horror their gigantic head,
And claim'd the vengeance heav'n so long delay'd.

Ye sons of night, whose each destructive word 245
Stabs with more keenness than a ruffian's sword ;
Whose hydra love can triumph in offence,
A love that smiles at ruin'd innocence :
Say, did you ne'er reflect, when at your side
Truth bled, peace groan'd, and murder'd virtue dy'd ;
Did you ne'er think, when frantic with despair 250
You've seen the anguish of some weeping fair,
Whose voice, once sweet as Philomela's lay,
On darkness call'd, and curs'd the coming day ;
Whose snowy bosom heav'd continual sighs, 255
While tears ran streaming from her lovely eyes :
Ah !

46 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Ah! did you ne'er, with terror at his rod,
 Hear the loud voice of an affronted God?
 Say, has his rage, his vengeance lost its fire?
 Is he not still Almighty in his ire? 260
 Is then his potent arm by thee o'er-rul'd?
 His thunder blunted, or his lightnings cool'd?
 O! no:—ev'n now his eye pervades the whole;
 Ev'n now he views, he reads thy inmost soul:
 Is there one thought, that (as the darting wind — 265
 Unform'd and fleeting,) glances o'er the mind?
 Is there an act thou trembled'st to prolong?
 Or word that dy'd unfinish'd on thy tongue?
 Or form thou view'dst, the phantom of thy fear?
 Or sound that languish'd on th' unfeeling ear? 270
 Didst act some hidden guilt, to man unknown?
 And wast thou then, or * thought'st thyself alone?
 Mistaken wretch! whose blind, unequal sense
 With daring aim † would judge Omnipotence;
 Thy ken just glancing o'er a bounded span, 275
 Wouldst join with His who reads the heart of man:
 Thou, like the beaming of a morning sun,
 That gilds the east, art clouded e'er thy noon:
 He, in the blaze of one meridian ray,
 Burns with unfully'd light, and gives eternal day: 280
 Thee fancy, passion's cloudy mists o'ercast:
 His all the future, scanty thine the past.

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 41

HE view'd in silence all the mighty scene,
Tho' dreadful, mild ; and awfully serene :
His Justice here for instant thunder cry'd, 285
But heav'nly Love stood smiling at her side.
As when some judge (on whose decisive frown
Destruction lows) ascends his awful throne ;
His mind no thought of pity can controul,
His dreaded hand unseals th' important scroll ; 290
Wild with suspense the doubting suppliant shakes,
Reads ev'ry look, and trembles e'er he speaks ;
His flutt'ring soul the vivid eye betrays,
And ev'ry passion varies in his face.
Thus, round the throne of their tremendous Lord, 295
All silent wait th' irrevocable word :
Ten thousand thoughts in wild confusion rise,
And the rack'd soul shoots thro' the quiv'ring eyes.

HE rose :—his looks the coming judgment show ;
Repentment darken'd his majestic brow ; 300
Then view'd the throng beneath his footstool spread,
Shook with a nod the burning skies, and said,
(Heav'n's tott'ring concave bow'd, while all around
His wond'ring hosts stood list'ning at the sound.)

“ DEPART ye damn'd ! 'tis I pronounce your doom :
“ 'Tis I, the God who form'd you in the womb : 306

G

“ 'Tis

42 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

" 'Tis I, who left each softer scene above,
 " Left the warm bosom of celestial love,
 " Left heav'n's bright domes, and sought the climes
 " beneath,
 " Left all—for scorn, contempt, and pangs, and death.
 " Ingrate! O! tell the vast, th' unpity'd woes, 311
 " The pangs I bore, to save my mortal foes!
 " Say, when * beneath th' oppressive weight dismay'd,
 " Did e'er your hand support my drooping head?
 " When oft I've wept, in all my counsels foil'd, 315
 " † Like some fond parent o'er an only child;
 " Did you, when wretched, helpless, pensive, poor,
 " Or soothe my grief, or ope the friendly door?
 " What more than rage your flinty bosoms arm'd?
 " When deaf to love, by vengeance not alarm'd! 320
 " How oft to win thy soul has mercy stood!
 " To fright, how oft stern justice red with blood!
 " Yet still 'twas yours, unmov'd, unaw'd by all,
 " To spurn, to laugh at pity's melting call;
 " Alike unheard my promise, threat'ning, sighs, 325
 " 'Twas yours to smile at speechless agonies!

" TAKE then, ye fiends, the wretches from my sight;
 " Take, shroud them deep in everlasting night;
 " 'Mid ceaseless torments, never to expire;
 " To bear the racks of an eternal fire; 330

" To

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 43

“ To feel whate’er an injur’d God can claim,
“ My love rejected, and insulted name :
“ Be this their doom.”—Th’ ALMIGHTY spoke, and
frown’d,
Heav’n hear’d, and hell’s remotest regions groan’d.

He spoke :—t’was done.—To make their millions
room, 335

The opening gulph disclos’d its burning womb ;
From its black breast the boiling sulphur broke,
And troops of fiends ascended thro’ the smoke.
As when his vengeance heav’n’s ALMIGHTY pours,
He speaks,—and lo ! the forky thunder roars ; 340
It bursts away, impetuous in its flight,
Till some vast cloud receives the glowing weight ;
It lows with frowns, the trembling nations gaze ;
It blots with night the sun’s meridian rays ;
O’er the wide skies the rolling darkness spreads, 345
And hangs incumbent horror o’er their heads :
At length the rattling vollies force their way,
The livid lightnings flash a paler day ;
O’er heav’n’s blue arch the mounting flames aspire,
And all the wide horizon teems with fire. 350

A CLOUD thus lowring from his brow there came ;
So spouts the deep with unremitting flame.

44 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

BUT O! my soul, th' amazing theme forbear,
 Nor dare to paint what angels dread to hear :
 Let heav'nly bliss thy cooler thoughts refine, 355
 And smooth with softer scenes the flowing line.
 Yet stay :—one moment bid the whole unfold,
 Clear the bright gem from its surrounding mould :
 To warm the breast, and touch unthinking youth,
 An awful pause may cull some useful truth ; 369
 May raise the passions with becoming pride :
 'Tis virtue's call, nor be the call deny'd.

WOULD'ST thou, O man! avoid th' unbounded woe?
 Would'st feel thy breast with endless raptures glow ?
 Would'st thou with triumph hear the thunder roll, 365
 That rocks the nodding earth from pole to pole ?
 Retire ;—be deaf to grandeur's vain alarm,
 Its gilded darts, that sting thee, while they charm :
 Let life's gay scenes engage thy soul no more,
 Pomp, beauty, youth, the bubbles of an hour ! 370
 Fix ev'ry thought * on thy immortal part ;
 Bid heav'n attend !—then trembling ask thy heart,

“ How have I walk'd thro' all this mazy road ?
 “ How liv'd, to gain the plaudit of my GOD ?
 “ How spoke ? how acted ? how improv'd the boon,
 “ On all bestow'd, from all resum'd so soon ? 376
 “ Say,

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 45

" Say, did I e'er o'er weeping virtue groan,
" Return her tears, and make her grief my own?
" Have I, unmov'd by sorrow's frantic cries,
" Refus'd my help, my pity, or my sighs? 380
" Then hear, Great GOD, (should thou thy aid detain,
" The noblest with, the best resolve how vain!)
" Oh! lend to prostrate dust thy willing ear!
" Hear, all ye saints! and, ev'ry angel, hear!
" Should yet thy mercy give me years to come, 385
" If not this hour consigns me to the tomb,
" On thee alone each fond desire shall rest,
" No rival love to share it in my breast:
" I leave, vain world! thy pleasures to thy friends,
" The fool that asks them, and the grave that ends;
" Each fair, each dazzling object I resign; 391
" Be thine my hopes! and all my pow'rs be thine!"

BUT lo! my soul, the clouds at length are o'er;
The storms are calm'd, the thunders cease to roar:
See! blooming Love, as cloudless skies serene, 395
Smiles heav'nly sweet, and brightens all the scene!

So some loud whirlwind, with resistless sweep,
Heaves the wild waves, and blackens on the deep;
The fainting mariners, with pale despair,
Behold the ocean's boiling bosom bare: 400

When

46 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

When lo ! at once the raving winds subside,
A gentle breeze plays smoothly o'er the tide ;
Now each, enraptur'd, views th' emerging ray,
Now breathes delighted in the blaze of day ;
Groves, mountains, woods appear, a charming train !
The ship glides lightly thro' the liquid plain ; 406
The liquid plain reflects the waving beam,
And heav'n's fine azure glitters in the stream.

SOME seraph, teach my daring song to rise,
O ! let me catch the music of the skies ; 410
Illume my breast, exalt, refine the whole,
And pour melodious numbers on my soul.

WHAT glories burst on my transported sight !
What charms, with more than mortal beauty bright !
What anthems ring ! what melting lays inspire ! 415
What god-like angels strike the sounding lyre !
See ! ev'ry face the softest smiles assume !
How glows each feature with celestial bloom !
A bloom, untouch'd by all-devouring time ;
Like opening roses, in eternal prime ! 420

O ! COULD my strains with ev'ry grace appear,
Each thought that fires the soul, or charms the ear ;
To

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 47

To me did ev'ry finer art belong,
The richest fancy, and the sweetest song,
This heav'nly theme th' harmonious voice should raise,
Warm all my thoughts, and warble in my lays. 426

FOR lo! He comes, a victor o'er the grave,
In triumph mild, * exalted but to save :
In crowds th'appauding hosts surround their King ;
They tune their harps, and touch the finest string. 430
Angelic concert ! musically flow,
It steals more soft, than vernal breezes blow :
Then swells a sprightly note ;—all heav'n replies,
And labouring echo rings it thro' the skies.

THUS, when some god-like hero mounts his car, 435
And, crown'd with laurels, leaves the stormy war,
Their chief with joy the gazing throng behold ;
His arms refulgent glow with burnish'd gold ;
The spoils of vanquish'd foes are led before ;
Loud blows the trump ! the rival thunders roar ! 440
Sublime he towers, while, at the martial sound,
Seas, hills, and skies, and rocks, and vales rebound.

Now, bright as heav'n, as mild Aurora fair,
(Whose balmy breath perfumes the purer air,)

He

48 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

He rose, with mercy beaming from his sight, 445
Then smil'd, and look'd ineffable delight.

As when the nightingale's melodious love
Charms the still gloom, and fills the vocal grove;
The list'ning zephyrs hovering while she sings,
Catch ev'ry sound, and waft it on their wings; 450
Th' attentive swains her moving accents hear,
That melt the heart, and harmonize the ear;
Such, (while each bosom felt unbounded joys,)
Such music stream'd from his transporting voice:
(While warm'd with more than rapture at their doom,
Each cheek was flush'd, like roses in the bloom.) 456

“ *COME now, ye blest! by heav'n, by me approv'd!
“ Ye blest of God! my darlings, my lov'd
“ Possess whate'er your vast desires can claim;
“ Be endless praises your eternal theme; 460
“ Tho' once you sigh'd, be all your sighs no more;
“ Tho' once you wept, your mourning days are o'er:
“ Now raise the song, begin th' immortal strain;
“ Guard them, ye angels, to th' ethereal plain;
“ Their harp, their voice let softer themes employ, 465
“ And touch the heart, † and crown the head with joy.

“ For this I left these skies, to dwell below;
“ For this my soul felt all the stings of woe;

“ For

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 49

For this the spear, with reeking purple dy'd,
" Op'd a wide wound, and lodg'd within my side ; 470
" For this despis'd, forsook, deny'd, I stood,
" Pour'd ceaseless groans, and bought it with my blood ;
" Delightful prize !—to taste its sweets, is thine :
" Yours all the bliss ; to know the pain, was mine.
" But lo ! your vast reward at length is nigh ; 475
" That dazzling crowd awaits you in the sky !
" Now boundless bliss shall all your grief repay,
" Wipe off your tears, and give your sighs away."

HERE pause :—no more by man can be express ;
Ye faints, ye wond'ring seraphs, tell the rest ! 480
As thro' the clouds some towring eagle springs,
And flies like lightning on impetuous wings ;
He views unmov'd the burning sun display'd ;
The waving fire plays harmless round his head ;
Quick as a thought of the aëreal mind, 485
To heav'n he mounts, and leaves the stars behind :
Thus, rapt at once from our attending view,
Thro' the broad gates the rising concourse flew ;
Till far remov'd, scarce to the distant sight
The triumph glow'd, with fainter glories bright ; 490
Ascending still, till it appear'd no more :
We look'd, and all the swimming scene was o'er.

H

But

50 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

BUT now (more charming than the rising sun)
The blooming angel smil'd, and thus begun :
Sweet as the tawring lark's mellifluous song, 495
The melting accents warbled on his tongue !

" 'Tis done :—for now that shining train remov'd
" Enjoy the bliss, and praise the God they lov'd ;
" They live, they reign, eternally serene,
" With not one cloud, to interpose between. 500
" Say, when thy gazing eyes survey'd the whole,
" Did dawning rapture beam upon thy soul ?
" Burns not thy swelling breast to join the choir ?
" Is ev'ry passion wing'd with fond desire ?
" Would'st thou, with transport fir'd to mount above,
" Ascend? and melts not ev'ry thought with love ? 506

THEN, (all his frame with heav'nly glories bright,
Each lovely feature glowing with delight !)
He thus burst out :—" O ! who thy name can praise !
" What angel's voice can tell thy wond'rous ways !
" Lo ! on each lip the HALLELUJAH dies ; 511
" We faint ; an awful rev'rence fills the skies :
" All, humbly bending to almighty pow'r,
" In prostrate silence tremble and adore !"

He said :—and, mounting to the realms of day, 519
Spread his resplendent wings, and soar'd away.

F I N I S.

N O T E S.

PAGE 2. • *Whose wings the whirlwind, &c.*

• How inimitably beautiful is the Psalmist's description of the Deity, (Ps. civ. 3.) where he is said "to walk on the wings of the wind." An element which, with the rapidity of thought, darts away through the regions of space;—an element, of whose swiftness the human mind can scarce form an idea, is yet a vehicle so infinitely disproportioned to its Creator, that he only walks on its impetuous wings.

P. 7. * *When all th' angelic hosts, &c.*

• See MILTON's battle of the angels. Book vi.

† *A burning comet, &c.*

† That the general conflagration will be effected by the near approach of a comet to the sun, is at least a probable supposition; and probability, in a subject of this kind, is the utmost that can be expected. The atmosphere of those irregular bodies, (which the learned have been so much puzzled to account for), is, by the observations of the most curious, thought to consist of a continual efflux of smoke, rising at first to a determinate height from all parts of the comets themselves, and then making off to that which is op-

posite to the sun. It would seem reasonable from this to conclude, that the conflagration must necessarily be a consequence of supposing the earth involved in this atmosphere, if we take in the prodigious quantity of fire lodged in its own cavities.—But is not the account still more credible, when we add to these the action of the sun, which in this conjunction will be doubly intense?

PAGE 8. * *The Andes, &c.*

* A vast range of mountains which cover about a thousand leagues in *South America*.

P. 10. * *The haughty Spaniard here, &c.*

* PHILIP II.

† ——— and there the Gaul, &c.

† LEWIS XIV.

P. 17. * *Whether they lurk'd, &c.*

*Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.*

ADD. Resurec. delineat.

P. 19. * *Flung the rough stone, &c.*

* HECTOR. See the *Iliad*, lib. 12.

PAGE

PAGE 19. † ——— *beav'd the unwieldy rack, &c.*

† AJAX. See his combat with Hector described, lib. viii. and xiv.

P. 22. * *Stars with their sons, &c.*

* I cannot see any reason for confining the general judgment to the inhabitants of our own world; unless we can bring ourselves to believe, that all those around us (which will share in the same destruction) are only a vast collection of uncultivated deserts: a supposition founded on nothing but this one argument, *viz.* that it cannot be confuted by ocular demonstration.

P. 25. * *By CHARLES', &c.*

* CHARLES IX. at the massacre of Paris.

P. 34. * ——— *for, from his great abode, &c.*

* If the reader would see a scene of this kind drawn in the richest colours of poetical painting, animated with a surprising sublimity of sentiment, and enriched with a profusion of the most exquisite beauties, he will find it in the words of an inspired orator, Hab. iii. from the 3^d verse.

34. † *And darkness form'd his gloomy throne.*

† I cannot help looking on the following passage from the xviiith psalm, as the noblest sentiment perhaps that ever entered into the mind of man. The psalmist

mist is describing the descent of the Almighty. 'Tis said, "He bowed the heavens, and came down, and
 "darkness was under his feet, and he rode upon a
 "cherub, and did fly, &c. He made darkness his
 "secret place: his pavilion round about him, *were*
 "dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." HOMER'S *νεφέλησιν* Zeus makes a noble figure in the Iliad. He introduces him always in a manner *peculiarly graceful*, and seems even to rise above himself in the description. The lines from HESIOD, prefixed as a motto to the title-page, are no way inferior to any thing of this kind I have met with in the writings of antiquity. VIRGIL has some fine portraits on the same subject, animated with all the warmth of fertile and copious imagination. But where, among all these do we find the Deity "bowing the heavens in his
 "descent, riding on a cherub, walking on darkness,
 "forming his pavilion of the thick clouds of the skies,
 "and appearing, (to give it in MILTON's inimitable paraphrase),

"——*Dark with excessive bright.*"

The subsequent verse, by an *elegant antithesis*, seems (if possible) to heighten the beauty of the preceding ones. "At the *brightness* which was before him, his
 "thick clouds passed," &c.—STERNHOLD and HOPKINS have given so uncommon a turn to one part of
 this

this description, that I must be excused for transcribing it.

*The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens high ;
And underneath his feet he spread
The darkness of the sky.
On Cherub, and on Seraphim
Full royally he rode ;
And, on the wings of all the winds,
Come flying all abroad.*

Every unprejudiced reader will see, how much, in this instance, inspiration is superior to enthusiasm.

PAGE 38. * ——— *view the darkness, &c.*

* This alludes to that inimitable description of the Deity's omnipresence, psalm cxxxix ; in which, after taking a beautiful survey of every thing in nature that can strengthen his argument, (for which the reader may consult Mr. HERVEY's fine paraphrase, Med. vol. ii. p. 15. and 34.) he adds, ver. 11. " If I say, the " darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light " about me : " a thought, to which the *antithesis* gives such peculiar elegance, as may make it vye with the most expressive touches of ancient, or modern poetry.

† *When some great gen'ral, &c.*

† This passage may possibly appear with more advantage, when compared with LUCAN's descrip-
tion

tion of CÆSAR, at his approach to the Rubicon :

*Jamque gelidas Cæsar cursu superaverat Alpes,
Ingentesque animo motus, bellumque futurum
Ceperat, ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas.*

Phars. lib. iii.

MR. ADDISON has made a noble use of this sentiment in his Campaign, and has the happiest translation of it I can think on:—Speaking of MARLBOROUGH, before he crossed the Moselle, he tells us,

*Our god-like leader, e're the stream he pass,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast;
Forming the wondrous year within his thought,
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.*

PAGE 39. ‡ That deep'ned, &c.

‡ I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the following passage from *Paradise Lost*, as it is full of that lively and natural painting which presents an object instantly to the eye of the reader, and is the highest perfection of descriptive poetry.—It is in the account of Satan's adventure with Death upon his arrival at the gates of hell.

————— *such a frown,*

*Black cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's awfully fraught, come rattling on*

Over,

*Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air. —*

He then adds,

*So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at the frown.*

PAGE 40. * ——— or *thought'st thyself alone, &c.*

** O! lost to virtue! lost to manly thought!
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone.*

Complaint, Night iii. ab initio.

† ——— would judge omnipotence, &c.

† To secure this passage from an objection, that it makes the Deity interest himself in trifles, I shall only observe, that its design, (and indeed the great one of this performance), is to imprint on the mind a persuasion of the Divine Omniscience; to which a simple assent, when not accompanied with a suitable influence on the practice, is like a mid-night dream, scarce sooner recollected than forgot; and still less consistent than the reveries of a madman, whose actions are squared by the judgment he forms. Was it firmly believed, what can fill the mind with more awful reverence than the continual presence of its Creator! — was it suitably improved, where can we meet with a

more striking incitement to the *love*, and *exercise* of virtue !

PAGE 42. * — *beneath the oppressive weight, &c.*

* See Matth. xxv. from verse 42d.

† *Like some fond parent, &c.*

† This has some remote allusion to our Saviour's pathetic complaint over *Jerusalem*, Matth. xxiii. v. 37. I chused to give the sentiment this turn, as a nearer resemblance must have fallen infinitely short of the original, in which the simplicity, pathos, and delicate beauty of allegory, will need no recommendation to a good judge.

P. 44. * — *on thy immortal part, &c.*

* HOMER, (who, thro' his whole *Iliad*, has introduced apposite reflections on the uncertainty of life, and the rewards or punishments of a future state), makes Achilles, after awaking from a dream in which he had seen Patroclus, talk in this manner :

Ω ποποι, η ρα τις εστι κ' ειν αιδαο δομοισι
Ψυχη κ' ειδωλον, αταρ φρενες ηκ ενι παμπαν
Πανύχιη γαρ μοι Πατροκληος δειλοιο
Ψυχη εφεισηκει. —————

Iliad. lib. 23.

'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, tho' dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains ;

*The form subsists without the body's aid,
 Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!
 This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
 Stood at my side.———*

POPE.

PAGE 46. † ——— *exalted but to save, &c.*

† As I have endeavoured, thro' the whole of this poem, to point out such parts of the sacred writings, as contain any sentiment *peculiarly beautiful* on this awful subject; the reader will (I presume) excuse me for subjoining to these one observation more on the following passage in Isaiah.—'Tis in his 63d chapter, from the beginning.—The prophet, from a view, as it would seem, of our SAVIOUR's resurrection, on beholding the several circumstances at that moment presented to him, bursts into an abrupt exclamation (a parallel to which Mr. HERVEY has finely illustrated, in a paraphrase on Solomon's prayer at the dedication of his temple) "Who is this that cometh up from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is red in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" Observe the gradation:—the first question seems to proceed from an indistinct view of the person, "—who is this?" what heavenly appearance discovers itself to my senses? whom is it that I behold in this majestic attitude? He then takes a particular

particular survey, and describes him with more accuracy :—" this that cometh up with dyed garments."

I see (as if he had said with rapturous ardor) his eyes sparkling with fury, and his garments rolled in the blood of his enemies.—He then paints the dignity of his approach, " travelling in the greatness of his strength."—One would almost imagine he viewed the majesty of some triumphant hero, reeking from slaughter, and elated with victory.—He at length advances so near as to make a reply ; a reply, on which every preceding circumstance reflects a distinct beauty. We would conclude, on perusing the first part, that the sequel was to contain some dreadful menace, or alarming threatening : but how agreeably are we surprized and disappointed when we hear him reply, " It is I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save !" What an improvement is this on another passage, where we are told, that " his tender mercies are over all his other works !"

PAGE 48. * *Come now ye blest ! &c.*

* See Matth. xxv. 34.

† — and crown the head with joy, &c.

† See Isaiah xxxv. 10.

